

The most lamentable Tragedie

I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore I list, a verse in *Horace*, right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Assle.
Heeres no sound iest, the old man hath found their gilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empresse well a foote,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But let her rest in her varest a while,
And now young Lords, wast not a happy Starre,
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so
Captines to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Demet. But me more good to see so great a Lord,
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

Moore Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*,
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?

Demet. I would we had a thousand *Romane* Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

Chiron. A charitable wish and full of loue.

Moore. Heere lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

Chiron. And that would she fortwenty thousand more.

Demet. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her paines.

Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Trumpets sound.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chiron. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blucke a Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords, O tell me did you see *Aron* the
Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all, (Moore
Heere

of Titus Andronicus

Heere *Aron* is, and what with *Aron*

Nurse. Oh gentle *Aron*, we are a
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euer

Aron. Why what a catterwalling
What dost thou wrap and fumble i

Nurse. O that which I would hid
Our Empresse shame, and statel

She delivered Lords, she is deliv
Aron. To whome?

Nurse. I meane she is brought
Aron. Wel God giue her good r

Nurse. A deuill.
Aron. Why then she is the De

Nurse. A ioyles, dismall, black
Heere is the babe as loathsome as

Amongst the fairest breeders of
The Empresse sends it thee, thy f

And bidsthee christen it with th
Aron. Zounds ye whore, is bla

Sweet blows, you are a beautious
Deme. Villaine what hast thou

Aron. That which thou canst
Chiron. Thou hast vndone ou

Aron. Villaine, I haue done t
Demet. And therein hellish

Woe to her chance, and dambd
Accurst the offspring of so foule

Chiron. It shall not liue.
Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. *Aron* it must, the mo
Aron. What must it *Nurse*?

Doe execution on my flesh and b
Dem. Ile broach the tadpole

Nurse giue it me, my sword sha
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